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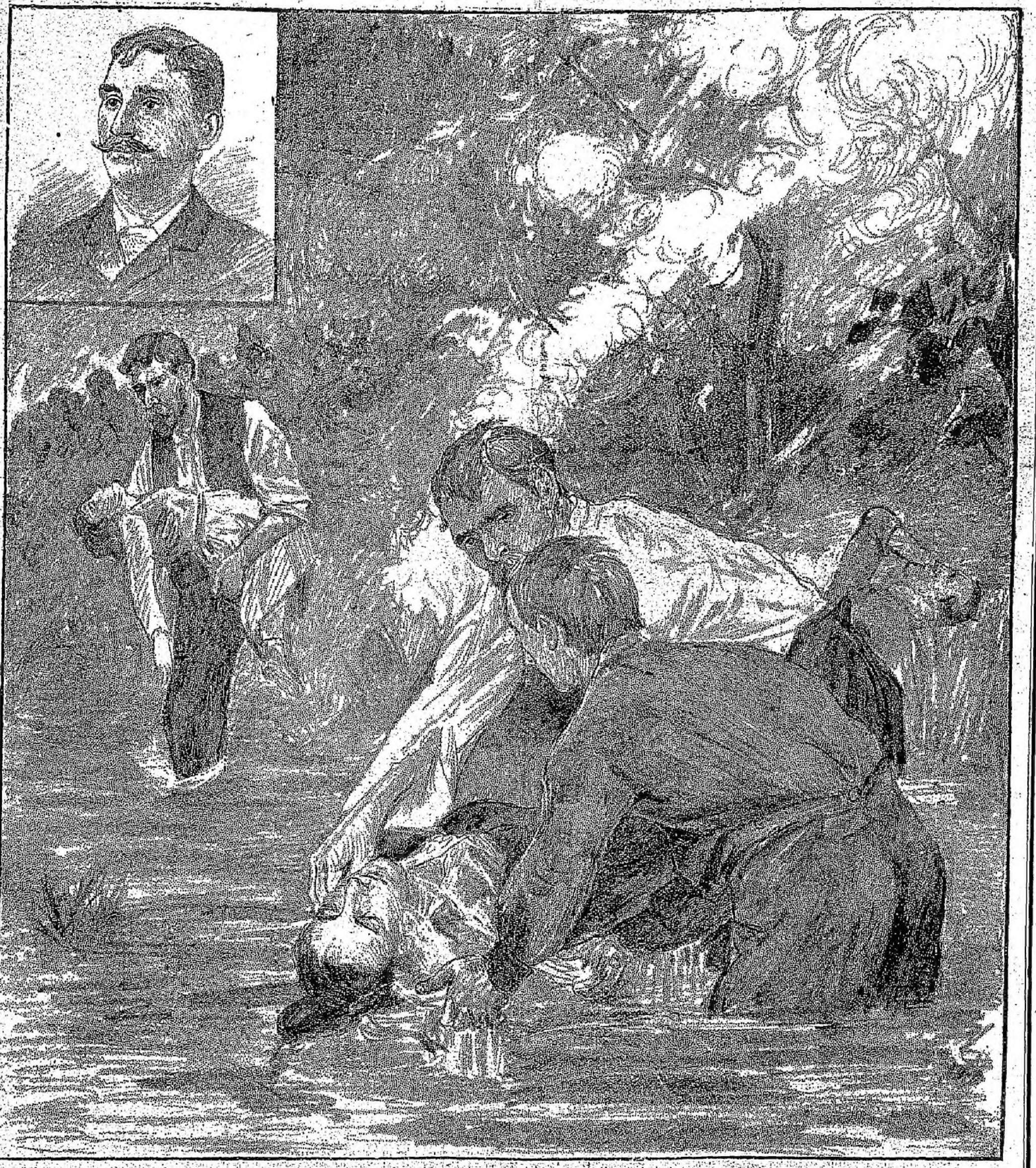

PANIC-STRICKEN INHABITANTS OF THE TOWN OF HINCHLEY, MINNESOTA, SEEK REFUGE IN A MORASS, VAINLY HOPING TO ESCAPE THE FLAMES.
EDWARD BARRY, ENGINE-DRIVER.

Mrs. Lillie Pozer Dec 31 94

A HERO OF THE RECENT FOREST FIRES.

A man who risks his own life to save only one person from an agonizing death is justly regarded as a hero. But Engine-driver Barry, of the Eastern Minnesota Railway, saved five hundred lives by his great courage and presence of mind. He was running a freight train on the fatally eventful day when Hickley was burned to the ground. The surrounding forests were in flames when he arrived at the station, and from all directions people were running to escape from the swiftly advancing wall of fire. A fast express passenger train was due. On its approach he noticed the engineer that it was impossible to proceed any further, as fires were raging eastwards. Barry coupled on his engine to the end of the passenger train and brought it back to Hickley Station, now filled with refugees anxiously seeking a means of escape from the burning town. As it was evident that there was not sufficient room in the train for all, three large box cars were coupled on, and into these, men, women and children eagerly crowded. As Barry waited on his engine, he saw more people running towards the station. Before they could reach it the fire circled round them, and they were lost to sight in the cruel flames. Meanwhile, the heat was growing so intense that fears were entertained that the cars might be set on fire, so he pulled across the span bridge over Grindston River. Once there, and in comparative safety, he stopped and took more people up. Then he saw that the ties under the rails were on fire, and also that two bridges in front were burning. He glanced back at the town whence they had just escaped—it was a huge mass of flames! A hurricane was blowing, and at that moment he nearly relinquished all hope of saving the train. He started again, but after going a mile he saw men and women on horseback galloping towards the line. Again he stopped. By this time the train was surrounded by flames, the heat and dense smoke were blinding. Directly these last arrivals had entered the already overcrowded train, he started once more, and raced at full speed with his precious human freight between the walls of fire. He ran as 'fast as wheels could turn' for eight miles, knowing that the only hopes of escape lay in crossing the fast consuming bridges before they gave way, and in heading the flames. During this time of terrible anxiety his presence of mind did not desert him for a moment. Brave, resolute, and calm, he kept to his post. The woodwork of his engine took fire, and also his clothes. He threw water over the latter, and tied a wet towel round his head. At Sanstone he was forced to draw up and put out the fire, which had taken good hold of the engine. Then he started to race the flames once more, and save five hundred lives. He soon reached Kettle River Bridge. It was on fire and burning vigorously. Its length was 700 feet. Barry realized that the only chance of escape was in attempting to cross it. He knew that if the bridge held out, all would be saved; if not, the whole train would be precipitated into the river 140 feet below. To remain where he was, meant certain death to everyone. There was no time for hesitation; the terrible risk had to be faced. He put on full speed, and reached the other side in safety. Five minutes after, the bridge gave way. But he had not yet emerged from the burning forest. This is a well-timbered district, and so great was the force of the hurricane, that the burning trees were uprooted. At last he succeeded in 'heading the flames.' Then he drew up for a few minutes at Partridge Station, to take in coals and water, and also to give the passengers water, many of whom were suffering intensely from heat and smoke. As soon as all had quenched their thirst he started for West Superior. On arriving there he could not see. For three hours, continuous efforts were made to restore his sight. These efforts were, fortunately, successful. It is pleasant to record that Barry has sustained no lasting injury from his terrible experience, and has now resumed his duties on the railway.

SCHOLARS' NOTES.

(From Westminster Question Book.)

LESSON XI.—DECEMBER 16, 1894.

THE TWELVE SENT FORTH.—Matt. 10: 5-16.

Commit to memory vs. 7-10.

GOLDEN TEXT.

'As ye go, preach, saying, The kingdom of heaven is at hand.'—Matt. 10: 7.

THE LESSON STORY.

Jesus chose twelve disciples to be his apostles, or messengers. Then he sent them out to work for him, after telling them where to go and what to do.

The time had not yet come to preach to the Gentiles. It was best that the Jews, God's chosen people, should first know that the holy Saviour had come. This is why he told the disciples to go first 'to the lost sheep of the house of Israel.' (Read Jer. 50. 6.)

He told them to preach, saying, 'The kingdom of heaven is at hand.' The kingdom of heaven is the reign of righteousness and love and peace which Jesus came to bring. Then he gave them power to heal the sick, make the lepers clean, raise the dead, cast out devils. He told them that they need not take any money or food with them, for all they needed would be given them. God provides for the wants of his workmen.

Jesus told his disciples not to expect to have a pleasant, easy time. They must go out like harmless sheep in the midst of cruel wolves, and they would need to be both wise and gentle.

Men can be as cruel as wolves, but God can give the power that conquers cruelty, which is love.—Berean Lesson Book.

HOME READINGS.

M. Matt. 9: 35-10: 4.—The Harvest and the Laborers.
T. Matt. 10: 5-16.—The Twelve Sent Forth.
W. Matt. 10: 17-42.—The Twelve Instructed.
Th. Luke 10: 1-24.—The Seventy Sent Forth.
F. Rom. 10: 1-18.—The Need of the Gospel.
S. 1 Cor. 1: 18-31.—The Preaching of the Cross.
S. Col. 1: 19-29.—'Whom we Preach.'

LESSON PLAN.

I. The Work of the Twelve, vs. 5-8.
II. The Support of the Twelve, vs. 9-11.
III. The Divine Mission of the Twelve, vs. 12-16. Time.—A. D. 29, winter; Tiberius Caesar emperor of Rome; Pontius Pilate governor of Judea; Herod Antipas governor of Galilee and Perea.

Place.—Some place in Galilee whose name is unknown.

OPENING WORDS.

On the evening of the day on which the parable of the Sower was spoken, Jesus crossed the Sea of Galilee with his disciples. On the way he rebuked the storm. Matt. 8: 18-27. In the country of the Gergesenes he was met by two demoniacs whom he restored. Matt. 8: 28-34. From Gergesa he returned to Capernaum, where he attended a feast at Matthew's house. Then followed the raising of the ruler's daughter and other miracles. Matt. 9: 1-34. Leaving Capernaum, he again visited Nazareth. Matt. 13: 53-58; Mark 6: 1-5. Rejected there a second time, he went about the cities in that region. Mark 6: 1-6; Matt. 9: 35-38. During this circuit he sent forth the twelve. Parallel account, Mark 6: 7-13; Luke 9: 1-6.

HELPS IN STUDYING.

5. Go not in the way of the Gentiles—the time for preaching to them was not come. Samaritans—a mixed race, whose religion resembled that of the Jews. 6. Lost sheep—as most needy. They were to be home missionaries. Preach—proclaim, announce. The kingdom of heaven—the spiritual kingdom which Jesus was about to set up. Freely give—they were not to sell the gospel or gifts of healing. 10. Scrip—a knapsack to carry provisions. The meaning is, 'Go as you are; do not delay to make any preparation.' 11. There abide—stay in that house through your visit. 12. Salute—they were to give the usual token of respect and courtesy. 14. Shake off the dust—as a sign that you have faithfully performed your mission. 15. More tolerable—the inhabitants of Sodom and Gomorrah will have a less severe judgment than those who wilfully reject Christ's messages.

QUESTIONS.

Introductory.—What was the subject of the last lesson? Give the leading events of the interval between the lessons. Title of this lesson? Golden Text? Lesson Plan? Time? Place? Memory verses?

I. The work of the Twelve, vs. 5-8.—Who were the twelve? What command did Jesus give them? Why were they not now to go to the Gentiles? What were they afterward commanded to do? Matt. 28: 19. To whom were the twelve sent? What were they to preach? What were they to do besides preaching? In whose name were they to work miracles? Acts 3: 12.

II. The support of the Twelve, vs. 9-11.—What further instruction did the twelve receive? Why were they not to provide these things for their journey? What were the twelve to do about lodgings?

III. The Divine Mission of the Twelve, vs. 12-16.—What is meant by saluting the house? What kind of house was worthy? Meaning of let your peace come upon it? What were the twelve to do when they were not received? What doom was pronounced against those who rejected them? With what warning and charge did Jesus send them?

PRACTICAL LESSONS LEARNED.

1. Christ chooses, calls and sends forth his ministers.
2. He commands them to preach the gospel of salvation.
3. He sends them especially to 'the lost sheep of the house of Israel'—those nearest the preacher.
4. He also commands them to carry the gospel to all the world.
5. It is our duty to send the gospel to those who have it not.

LESSON XII.—DECEMBER 23, 1894.

THE PRINCE OF PEACE.—Isa. 9: 2-7.

Commit to memory vs. 6, 7.

GOLDEN TEXT.

'Of the increase of his government and peace there shall be no end.'—Isa. 9: 7.

THE LESSON STORY.

Isaiah was a prophet who lived between seven and eight hundred years before Christ came. The wonderful things which God showed to him and told him are all written in the book of the Bible called Isaiah.

God let Isaiah see the rising of a great Light in a dark place. The Light was Jesus, who says, 'I am the Light.' Just as a heart is dark which does not know Jesus, so the world is dark without him. How glad those who have the Light ought to be to give it to others!

When Christ was born all power was given to him. The government of the world was put upon his shoulders. No wonder one of his names is 'The mighty God!' When we read the story of his birth, life, death and resurrection, we understand why his name is called 'Wonderful.' And how good it is to have him for a 'Counsellor,' one who can tell us just what to do!

His Kingdom is one of peace, and it must grow forever, for God has said so. He rules by love, and he wants us to love him so truly that we shall love more than anything else to help his kingdom to grow.—Berean Lesson Book.

HOME READINGS.

M. Isa. 9: 2-7.—The Prince of Peace.
T. Mic. 5: 1-5.—Out of Bethlehem.
W. Luke 2: 8-20.—Good Tidings of Great Joy.
Th. Matt. 2: 1-11.—The King Worshipped.
F. Isa. 11: 1-16.—The Peaceable Kingdom.
S. Psalm 72: 1-20.—All Nations shall serve Him.
S. Psalm 24: 1-10.—'The King of Glory.'

LESSON PLAN.

I. The Blessings of the Kingdom, vs. 2-5.
II. The Birth of the King, vs. 6.
III. The Glory of the Kingdom, vs. 7.

Time.—B. C. 740; Ahaz king of Judah.

Place.—Written at Jerusalem by Isaiah, the son of Amoz.

OPENING WORDS.

We have for our study to-day a prediction of Christ's coming and of the blessings of his reign. He is brought before us, not in sorrow and suffering, but as a King upon his throne.

HELPS IN STUDYING.

2. The people that walk in darkness—the Jews especially seem here intended. A great light—the true light which lighteth every man that cometh into the world. 3. Not increased the joy—the Revised Version omits 'not.' 4. The yoke of his burden—the coming of the Messiah brings those burdened with sin into glorious liberty. As in the days of Midian—Judges 7: 19-25. 5. Revised Version, 'All the armor of the armed men in the tumult, and the garments rolled in blood, shall even be for burning, for fuel of fire.' All implements of war shall be burned, that the reign of peace may begin. 6. Unto us—to all people. A son is given—'the Son of God,' 'the Son of man.' The government—supreme power as King. His name—these names describe his character. Wonderful—in his person, works and sufferings. Counsellor—Prophet, Teacher, Revealer of God's will. Mighty God—God with us, possessed of all power. Everlasting Father—eternal in his own being and existence, and the Author of eternal life. Prince of Peace—bringing peace to the world. 7. Of the increase of his government—the enlargement of his dominion. Upon the throne of David—as David's greater Son and successor. 2 Sam. 7: 11-16; 1 Kings 8: 25. The zeal of the Lord—the intense desire of God, his earnest love for his people and his regard for his own honor.

QUESTIONS.

Introductory.—Who was Isaiah? How long before the birth of Christ did he live? Title? Golden Text? Lesson Plan? Time? Place? Memory verses?

I. The Blessings of the Kingdom, vs. 2-5.—What great blessings are predicted in v. 2? Upon whom shall this light shine; How is Christ the Light of the world? What is the meaning of v. 3? From what yoke and burden does Christ deliver the subjects of his kingdom? Meaning of v. 5?

II. The Birth of the King, v. 6.—What joyful news is here proclaimed? What is meant by his name shall be called? How is Christ Wonderful? A Counsellor? The Mighty God? The everlasting Father? The Prince of Peace?

III. The Glory of the Kingdom, v. 7.—How does Christ execute the office of a king? Upon whose throne is he to reign? How is he the son of David? What will be the extent of his kingdom? How long will it endure? How will it be established? What secures the fulfilment of these predictions? Why should the birth of Christ give you joy? How may you belong to his kingdom? Why should you love your King? What should you do for him?

PRACTICAL LESSONS LEARNED.

1. This Prince of Peace is our King and Saviour.
2. He is God as well as man; Immanuel, God with us.
3. He will give wisdom to all who seek it from him.
4. He is 'mighty to save,' able to save to the uttermost.
5. His kingdom shall fill the whole earth and endure for ever.

LESSON XII.—DECEMBER 23, 1894.

WARNING AGAINST SINS.—Eph. 5: 11-20.

Commit to memory vs. 18-20.

GOLDEN TEXT.

'Be not drunk with wine, wherein is excess; but be filled with the Spirit.' Eph. 5: 18.

HOME READINGS.

M. Eph. 5; 1-10.—Walk as Children of Light.
T. Eph. 5: 11-21.—Be not Drunk with Wine.
W. Col. 3: 1-17.—All in the Name of the Lord.
Th. Gal. 5: 16-26.—Walk in the Spirit.
F. Prov. 23: 29-35.—Look not upon the Wine.
S. 1 Cor. 3: 11-22.—The Temple of God.
S. Rom. 6: 12-23.—The Wages of Sin.

LESSON PLAN.

I. Works of Darkness, vs. 11-14.
II. Works of Folly, vs. 15-17.
III. Works of the Spirit, vs. 18-20.

Time.—Autumn, A.D. 62; Nero Emperor of Rome; Albinus, the successor of Festus, procurator of Judea; Agrippa king of Trachonitis, etc.

Place.—Written at Rome while Paul was a prisoner there.

Opening Words.—In our lesson passage the apostle cautions especially against the use of wine and against the revelry that attends its use, and exhorts the people to engage rather in the exercises to which the Holy Spirit would prompt them, and to the service of praise and thanksgiving.

Helps in Studying.—Works of Darkness—wicked works. (See preceding verses.) Reprove them—by words and deeds. 12. A shame even to speak—too vile to be mentioned but with abhorrence. 13. Whatsoever—Revised Version, 'Everything that is made manifest.' 15. See then that ye walk circumspectly—look therefore carefully how ye walk. 16. Redeeming the time—'buying up the opportunity;' making it your own and using it for the Christian walk. 18. Be not drunk with wine—a danger to which they were exposed, and a vice to which those around them were addicted. Excess—abandoned wickedness of every kind. Be filled with the Spirit—the Holy Spirit; yield yourselves to him. Christian joy is expressed not in drunken songs, but in hymns of thankfulness. 19. Speaking to yourselves—not in drinking-songs of revelry, but in psalms and hymns.

QUESTIONS.

Introductory.—Who was the author of the Epistle to the Ephesians? When and where was it written? How long had Paul labored among the Ephesians? Title? Golden Text? Lesson Plan? Time? Place? Memory verses?

I. Works of Darkness. vs. 11-14.—With what does Paul exhort the Ephesians to have no fellowship? What is meant by works of darkness? What were they rather to do? Why should they thus reprove them? What effect has reproof? What call is given in v. 14? By what promise is this call enforced?

II. Works of Folly. vs. 15-17.—What are we commanded to do? Meaning of redeeming the time? Of the days are evil? What will true wisdom lead us to do?

III. Works of the Spirit vs. 18-20.—What is forbidden in v. 18? What commanded? What similar prohibition of wine-drinking do you remember? Prov. 23: 20,31. Why should we abstain from wine and all intoxicating drinks? What other duties are enjoined in this verse? For what are we to give thanks? In whose name? Show that wine-drinking interferes with the proper performance of these duties.

PRACTICAL LESSONS LEARNED.

1. Wine-drinking leads to drunkenness.
2. Drunkenness is a great sin.
3. No drunkard can enter heaven.
4. Intoxicating drinks are the fruitful source of crime and misery.
5. We should neither use them ourselves nor countenance their use, manufacture or sale by others.

REVIEW QUESTIONS.

1. What call is here made upon those who are spiritually asleep? Ans.—Awake, thou that sleepest, and arise from the dead, and Christ shall give thee light.

2. What counsel is then given? Ans.—See that ye walk circumspectly, not as fools, but as wise.

3. What counsel is given about wine-drinking? Ans.—Be not drunk with wine, wherein is excess; but be filled with the Spirit.

4. With what counsel does our lesson close? Ans.—Giving thanks always for all things unto God and the Father, in the name of our Lord Jesus Christ.

THE HOUSEHOLD.

TAKING CHILDREN TO WALK.

A physician was the other day discussing some of the ills from which children suffer, and in the course of the conversation a number of interesting points were brought out. 'I am of the opinion,' he said, 'that a great many of the deformities and weaknesses of children are caused by the dreadful habit that some grown people have of taking small children out to walk and dragging them along at a fast pace.

'Only a few days ago, I saw a man taking a child not over four years old along the street. He was holding the little one's hand, and walked at his usual gait. The child jumped, ran and stumbled along, frequently losing its feet, and being brought up to the perpendicular by a jerk of the arm. The little creature got white and exhausted-looking, and finally began to cry, but the man seemed insensible to the fact that he was doing an unwise and cruel thing, and scolded and coaxed the little one along as best he could. He had nothing to carry, and might just as well have taken the child up, but perhaps he did not think of it, or if he did, chose not to do so. I had a little curiosity to keep track of them; and when the man stopped, as he shortly did, at a store, I stepped in and spoke to the child. Her father was busy and paid no attention to me. The child's temperature was at fever heat, and every nerve and fibre of the little body was quivering from the over-straining of the muscles. If that child doesn't have an attack of rickets or some kindred trouble, I shall be very seriously mistaken in my estimate of the injury it received in that dreadful dragging over a rough walk.

'Adults are, as a rule, altogether too careless about matters of this kind. They seem not to take into consideration the fact that a child's length of step is relatively so much shorter than their own. They are in a hurry, and fret and scold at the poor things for not keeping up, when it would be quite as reasonable to expect them to keep up with a good-gaited horse.

'I had in my charge at one time a child who had almost lost control of the muscles of one of the legs, a difficulty brought on, as I firmly believe, by the habit the other children had of taking the little thing out with them and hurrying it along, in order to keep up with the other youngsters with whom they were playing. They had strict orders not to leave the baby or to let go of its hands, and as a consequence it was dragged and pulled along in the most frightful fashion. I believe that a great many cases of rickets are brought on by this habit of pulling children by the arms. It necessarily is a strain on the spine, and must be productive of unpleasant if not dangerous results. Let any grown person do any work that strains the arms above the head for any length of time, and a most distressing feeling of exhaustion and pain under the shoulders is the consequence.

'Children should never have their arms stretched above their heads. It is sometimes difficult to know just how to manage in leading them, but this point should always be kept in mind, and no unnecessary pulling must ever be indulged in. I think that the attention of all intelligent parents should be directed to this subject, and that the strictest orders be enjoined on servants and all care-takers of children to avoid a practice that, in the nature of things, must be injurious, for this is, to my mind, without doubt, the cause of many hunchbacks and many deformities.'

USES OF OILCLOTH.

Floor oilcloths are each year being more generally used, especially the flexible ones. Many housekeepers put a wide breadth of it under the dining table, over the carpet already in place. This not only saves the carpet from wear, but is easily cleaned with the use of a damp cloth, and you will be quite surprised to know how soon it becomes dirty, a fact not noticeable when a carpet alone is in use, as very much of the fine dirt sifts through to the floor beneath, injuring the carpet to a great extent. Often when the dining room floor is not carpeted, an oilcloth is used under the table, for the men folks, occupying the same position at the table for years, are certain to wear the paint from the floor, especially if they wear heavy boots or shoes; and if they are careless or uneasy with their feet, in a few months the floor shows the effects, all of which the oilcloth prevents. Placed upon the floor before the sink, table, desk, or any place where there is much wear in the dining room, kitchen or sitting room, where rugs are not used, the saving in carpets and painted floors amounts to quite a sum even in one year. These flexible cloths are often used under stoves, and should extend to some distance upon each side, but the thick, heavy ones are better adapted for this purpose. The price of each kind is within the reach of all. Many of the designs are really beautiful, and prominent colors can be selected to match the carpet, paper, or paint in the room for which the cloth is intended. The artistic designs cost no more than the mere daubs of blazing colors. The small figured flexible cloths are very desirable for table covers, as they are readily cleaned, and are much used upon the kitchen table, and while they must be removed for certain culinary operations, they are readily replaced, and the tables look neater when they are in place, and when once used, they are seldom discarded, except for new ones.—'Agriculturist.'

TRAINING LITTLE HANDS.

'It has always been a source of regret to me,' said a woman who has had a great deal of experience in managing help, 'that I could not have gotten possession of a little girl that I once knew. She was a child of a servant in my employ, and for deft and quick hands I never saw her match.

'Her imitative powers were something wonderful, although her intellectual abilities were not much to speak of; but she was bright and quick to comprehend everything in the way of objects that she could see and handle, and would do almost anything after once showing her. I used to wonder what the possibilities of that child were if she could be properly trained.

'I think much of her deftness came from a habit she had of amusing herself with various toys and articles that she made herself. In order to be out of the way of the family, it was her mother's habit to place her in a chair by a table, and give her scissors, paper, pins, and many other little things to work with. She dressed up clothes-pins as dolls, made little bags and boxes out of cloth and paper, sewed patch-work quilts for doll cradles, cutting out each piece as she needed it. Only a few hints had been given her, but these she seemed to have made good use of. She also had doll-dishes, and arranged tables, and gave teas to her numerous family. A square of bright color here, a bit of muslin for a doily there, napkins made of paper, and all the table decorations, not omitting twisted-up scraps to serve as flowers, were made ready.

'At last I took her in hand and taught her to do many things about the house, and always felt that if some proper person could have the handling of her, she would make an extremely useful and agreeable assistant.

'This experience furnished a good idea of teaching that the average mother would do well to carry out with her ones, instead of the rough pulling and hauling, racing and romping that seem to be the principal amusements of little children. If they were taught to make something symmetrical, and given a few plain directions when they began, they would gradually acquire constructiveness that would stand them in good stead later in life. Every youngster should be supplied with blocks, paper, paper-folders, shears, and, if there is any inclination for it, needles, thread and pins galore. Knitting and crotcheting have little value so far as training is concerned. It is much more useful to teach them to cut out blocks with the utmost accuracy, drawing a thread or following some stripe in the material.

'Little children should be taught to sew, boys as well as girls. There are times in the life of almost every man when the ability to use a needle is of the greatest importance. A child should be taught to sharpen a knife, also a pencil. Paper-folding and the arrangement of boxes is a pastime that even half-grown children will enjoy for hours. Pasteboard is inexpensive, and a limited amount of it ought to be within reach of every youngster.

'To make and put together a symmetrical box is a neat little accomplishment, and all that is required is proper board, some bits of cloth to stay the corners, some paper for covers and a flour paste that costs but a trifle.

'Occupations of this kind would be of great advantage in keeping the children out of the street, to say nothing of the saving in the wear and tear of clothes which are often almost torn from their backs by their rudeness and romping.'—'N. Y. Ledger.'

FALSE ECONOMY.

Mothers whose precious lives are beyond all else needful and valuable to their families, will go on rising too early and sitting up too late, performing what they rate as necessary labors, when in reality they are courting prostration in prolonged and aggravated forms. A physician, high up in the profession, once brusquely asked a lady if she had forgotten the facts in the case, and imagined herself a kitchen utensil of iron, that she had fancied herself able to go through the daily round that a few pointed questions had led her to confess was her usual routine. The truth is, this question of real economy in dealing with one's self, has got to be considered thoughtfully and sensibly. In contrast to the instances just spoken of, we are glad to have known women who, from a pure sense of duty, have taken the ride, eked out the vacation, and put out the sewing, when it would have been a gratification and to a degree a need, to have saved the money each cost. Yet a greater outlay was dreaded in case of false economy being decided. And what can be said to convince mothers of their piteous mistake who argue that they 'have too much to do' to devote a little portion of each day to talking with their own dear children? Why! the swift years are carrying them rapidly out of the confiding age when every trial, every fault and every victory, could be right in the mother's keeping, and what a deplorable waste of most precious opportunity it becomes when the every-day duties are allowed to crowd out the best, most assimilating influences of parents and home.—'Living Epistle.'

WASTEFULNESS.

Quite recently my attention was called to three children who hailed a car as it passed a huckster's stand; they took the seat in front of me. The oldest, a girl of about twelve, had at a little distance the appearance of being handsomely dressed, but nearer approach showed that her clothing, although showy, was of the cheapest and most flimsy material. The girl and her two little brothers had no sooner paid their car fare than they began the examination of their purchases; the stock seemed almost inexhaustible. They drew from their various pockets, caramels, chocolate creams, and sticky preparations enough to poison them all. These they devoured without cessation, and when at the end of a mile I left the car, they were eating still.

Happily the school savings-bank is beginning to find a place in our educational system, and in nearly all our large cities the Penny Provident Fund is beginning to train children in economy and thrift.

There are few who will not admit that money might be put to a better use than to the purchase of sweets. To ruin the digestive organs is an evil, but hardly more of an evil than the training in self-gratification which comes by such expenditure. We may follow in thought the future career of those three children. They have been allowed to think that what they want they must have. As they grow up, their wants become more expensive, but their habits have not changed. They are accustomed to have what they want. They never learned self-denial; how are they to gratify the wants of their maturer years? The answer comes from the records of the police courts and the ruined lives of hundreds of young men and young women.

Now that children are taught so much let us add one thing more: the proper use of money in their home life. To every child should be given a stated weekly amount, and a careful account of it should be required of them by their parents, so that the child should be taught the value of money and how to spend it. This need not lead to selfishness, nor to the sordid hoarding up of the child's small possessions; on the contrary, it tends to a true appreciation of the spending value of the money and a knowledge of how to lay it out to advantage. The proper use of money requires the exercise of judgment, and that faculty is not developed at an early age, nor does it come to perfection without training. The habit of wastefulness and self-indulgence may become fixed before parents are aware of the lesson in extravagance which their thoughtless liberality is giving their children.

May we not plead with parents to ask for an account of the money they allow their children to spend? Money is a great power for good or for evil, and the child who learns to discriminate, learns a lesson which may make all the difference in future life between a philanthropist and a Christian on the one side, and a prodigal and spendthrift on the other. Let us see to it that the child's spending money proves a lesson for good and not for evil.—'American Messenger.'

VARIETY IN FOOD.

Many people fall into the mistake of supposing that, because they take a certain number of meals daily, and keep their stomachs in constant employment, they have satisfied the needs of the body. A doctor was recently called in to attend upon a seamstress who was suffering from weakness and general depression. 'What kind of food have you been living upon?' asked he of his patient. 'Oh, my food has been all right,' she replied. 'I have lived mostly on bread and butter for a long time, and I am sure there is no harm in that.' 'My dear woman,' exclaimed the doctor; 'you have explained the secret of your illness. Your body has been starving on that diet, and I am surprised you are no worse.' The functions which the body has to perform are many and various, and the supply of food must be complex to meet its requirements. The internal organs are constantly at work, and therefore wasting; the body must be kept warm to a large extent by food. Then there is the wear and tear of the system which an ordinary day's work involves. Whether one's life be one of comparative ease or filled with arduous toil, this variety of diet must be maintained, and flesh-forming, heat-giving and starchy matter must be taken in proper proportions. With this fact before us, it is a duty incumbent upon all to understand the nature and composition of food, and its fitness for the nourishment of the human frame.—'Hall's Journal of Health.'

TRAIN THE BOYS.

A doctor writes:—When a boy, I had to take hold and help my sisters in housework, and now I am glad that it was so. Such work does a boy good. It leads him to notice how a house would look with books thrown here and cap there, and coat somewhere else. Teach the boys to look as tidy as they can, even in their work clothes. Here is a boy just come in for a drink of water, only one suspender button remaining, and shingle nails used for the rest. Why not teach him to sew on a button and to do any little mending for himself? He would be the better for it and his worn-out mother or busy sisters would be saved so much.

I was taught to brush my clothes, turn them wrong side out, and hang them up ready for use when wanted. A boy, as well as a girl, should be taught to be neat and tidy. If he keeps himself in order, he will be likely to keep the barn, the yard, the office in order. It is not well to scold boys. Give them as much praise as possible, for this is encouraging.

HIS SHARE OF THE PROFITS.

(By Mary Humphrey.)

'I tell you, Sarah, it would mean ruin—absolute, hopeless ruin. That man doesn't know what he is talking about. The people of this province are not ripe for total abstinence. The traffic is a necessity, and I might as well have my share of the profits. If I refuse to sell liquor—the wines that these gentlemen want on their tables—they will simply deal elsewhere, and we may sell out and close our doors.'

The speaker threw off his heavy overcoat, and thrusting his hands into his pockets, commenced rapidly and nervously to pace the large and handsome apartment. He and his wife had just returned to their home, and she sat, still with her sealskin sacque and pretty bonnet on, like one ill at ease with her surroundings.

'But it is so dreadful,' she said, 'the harm this traffic is doing.'

'Oh, those temperance lecturers are a ranting lot. Their greatest pleasure in life is telling the most harrowing stories—'

'Alec, dear, you know as well as I, that every word he said was true, only too true.'

Ay, he knew it better than she did. He stood before her like an animal driven to bay, a hunted, miserable expression in his earnest brown eyes. 'What would you have me do?' he said. 'Say the word and I'll go down this moment and roll my hogsheads into the gutter—they're worth thousands of dollars—and we shall be beggars. Shall I—shall I do it?'

A little shriek, as a pretty baby escaped from his nurse and toddled forward eagerly into his mother's outstretched arms. She folded him to her heart and laid her gentle cheek upon his fluffy curls, and thought about the happy life which she had planned for him.

'Remember, if I do this deed we are beggars,' said the husband and father, sternly.

'Don't be hasty, Alec; let us take a night to think of it,' she murmured.

Next day his mood had changed. 'It is absurd,' he said. 'If I don't sell liquor somebody else will and I simply take the food out of my children's mouths to enrich other people.'

His wife shed many tears over their cruel predicament, but forbore to urge him, and in future each, by tacit consent, carefully avoided the temperance lecturers and total abstinence agitators.

Business prospered. The children, two daughters and a son, grew up amid 'all the refinements of a Christian home.' But over in his 'general grocery,' day by day, week by week and year after year, there went on that deadly distribution whose return was misery, degradation and death.

'One of our best citizens,' the town called Alec Guthrie, for he was a steady supporter of the church, an earnest worker in all philanthropic and charitable projects, a faithful, true-hearted friend. None deplored more deeply than he the spread of drunkenness among the young, 'the abuse of alcohol,' as he expressed it.

'Total abstinence is not necessary,' he would declare. 'Not at all. Use a little wine for thy stomach's sake,' etc. He did not pretend to be more strict than St. Paul. He had liquor in his sideboard constantly, used it himself with unfailing regularity, and 'no one ever saw me the worse,' he would declare with pride.

'Woe unto him that giveth his neighbor drink,' says the Word. Possibly he never saw the warning, Bible student though he was. Nevertheless woe was on his track.

More dearly than aught on earth, except his wife, Alec Guthrie loved his son. And the time came when, for his sake, wine was banished from the sideboard and from the house, when the wine vaults were kept both locked and guarded; and young Harold simply 'dealt elsewhere,' buying from his father's rival that which had become a necessity to him, and reeling to his shadowed home.

Alec Guthrie stormed and threatened: 'You have no right to sell drinks upon your premises; liquors among your stock of goods conveys no privilege of retailing drinks,' he said.

'I have every right to invite a customer into my parlor and treat him, if I wish,' retorted the other.

'He is no customer of yours.'

'Excuse me he seems to find my biscuit better than your own, and makes a purchase daily. My fancy groceries are choice.'

Then the father pleaded: 'He is my only son, and he is drinking himself to death. Pity me—give him no more!'

'Pshaw! I am used to that sort of talk. You get your share of it, too, I fancy. What is your son more than any other man's? Half the young men in the town are in the same condition—through the abuse of alcohol.'

Harold tired of study, left his college, gained a situation through his father's friends in a distant city, but soon lost it, and came home to loaf about and torment his people. He was a dissolute looking fellow now; his manly beauty was a thing of the past; his sisters were ashamed of him; his parents looked upon him with ever increasing pain.

Of course he 'got in' with the worst set of young men in the town. Then his progress downward, though gradual, was steady. He worked his way to the inside of a prison cell, and from thence, through implication in a burglary, was handed on, with three or four of his chosen set, to the penitentiary.

'My son! my son! wailed his mother. 'Would to God we had been beggars a thousand times, and more—'

'Sarah, do you remember—'

'Remember? Ay, as well as I do my child's happy laughter, the feel of his soft baby arms about my neck, his silky curls against my cheek. Why, oh, why?—Alec, do it now—knock the end out of every hogshead—pour the vile stuff through the street!'

'Too late—too late,' groaned the unhappy man.

'For us, alas, yes, but not for others. There are other precious boys growing up in this town. We will not be their ruin. We will do what we can to warn their parents to save them, and God may bless us yet.'

He did her bidding. Men and horses went to work, and before night every drop of the costly fluids—deadly poison—flowed like a river of blood past the great doors of his general grocery. Drunkards flung themselves into the gutters, lapping up the fluid like dogs, and fell in a heavy stupor about the streets. All the town congregated around the grocery door, and not a few compassionate women wended their way up the richly carpeted staircase in the handsome home, to mingle their tears with those of the desolate mother.

'Mothers,' she said, 'oh, mothers, be warned—' and choked and sobbed and could say no more.

But in the street below, Alec Guthrie's voice was raised tremulously at first, but growing stronger with intense purpose, as he preached to the thronging street such a total abstinence sermon as they had never before heard. Not a man or woman stood unmoved.

'Thank you, Alec, thank you,' said his pastor, as the two men clasped hands. 'I have been as the blind leading the blind. God forgive me. Henceforth we will work together to build up the homes which we, by our example and encouragement, have helped to destroy. No more wine on my table from this night—no more "trifles," or wine jellies, or sauces, or puddings. It is—I see it now—it is an accursed thing.'

Then began such a work of grace as the little town had never known. The news of it penetrated even to young Harold Guthrie in his lonely prison. 'Had they done it sooner,' he said, 'I would not have been here. They taught me to drink, and when I had learned my lesson to perfection, all other evil was easy.'

But God was merciful. He came out of the penitentiary five years older, but immeasurably a wiser and a better man, and, though the consequences of his early training were to himself a life-long shame, the aged couple, whose stay and comfort he became, pointed with pride to the son who, though once worse than dead, had been so mercifully restored to them.

Harold assumed control of his father's business, and though their rival persisted in his pernicious traffic, the Guthrie trade afforded a comfortable living, and when urged to take out a license, since the thing was a necessity, and he might as well share the profits, his reply was ever the same, 'It is impossible but that offences will come, but woe unto him through whom they come.'—'Union Signal.'

ONE WOMAN'S LIFE.

(By Mary Dwinell Chellis.)

Two ladies, meeting after years of separation, talked of the days when they were school-girls with little thought of what the future might bring to them of care or anxiety.

'I doubt if there was ever a merrier group than used to gather under the old elm when lessons were over for the day, and we were free to enjoy our hours of recreation,' remarked one.

'We were merry indeed,' was replied. 'Life was all before us, and there was no undertone of sadness in our merriment. You remember Sallie Marden?'

'Certainly I do, although I have not heard of her for twenty years. She was not one to be easily forgotten. I remember how strong and well she was, boasting that she was never tired, and glorying in her superb health.'

'She has needed all her health and strength.'

'I heard she made an unfortunate marriage.'

'That was generally known by her old friends, but I never dreamed how unfortunate her marriage was until I saw her a few months ago, and she told me the story of her life since her father's death. She married soon after he died, and went away among strangers, her mother going with her. As you will remember, she always felt sure of herself; so when she decided to marry Mark Houston, she had no misgivings. She loved him, as she told me, while her cheeks flushed with the memory of that love.'

'Well they might, for she was a girl of deep feelings; proud and self-willed, but with such a warm, loving heart, that she could never treat anyone unkindly, without afterwards asking forgiveness. An unfortunate marriage would be a terrible thing for her. I heard her husband was intemperate.'

'He was, and he became a perfect sot. He squandered every dollar of the property left to herself and her mother, besides treating her with the utmost cruelty. It does not seem possible that the Sallie Marden of our school-days would ever submit to personal abuse, but she did submit to it year after year. It made me shudder to hear her describe the life she led with that wretch.'

'They must have been poor.'

'They were; so poor, they were constantly moving, for which she said she was glad, as she was among strangers who knew nothing of her past life.'

'What of her mother?'

'She died soon after Sallie's marriage.'

'Were there children?'

'Yes; Sallie has three daughters.'

'Why did she live with her husband?'

'Because, as she said, she was too proud to leave him. She thought separation and divorce a terrible disgrace; but as her children grew older, her love for them and her sense of responsibility for their future, decided her. Alone, she knew she could earn enough to support and educate them. She had done more than that, but when her property was gone, her husband demanded the money she earned.'

'And she gave it to him? I would not have believed it of her.'

'She would not have believed it of herself; but one never knows to what depths of humiliation a drunkard's wife may be brought.'

'How did she earn money?'

'She washed and ironed, went out scrubbing, sewed, cooked, and, in short, did everything and anything that could be considered honest work.'

'But she might have taught. She was one of our best scholars.'

'Situated as she was, it would have been impossible for her to obtain a position as teacher. In thinking on what she might have done, you must not forget that she was known in the communities in which she lived only as a drunkard's wife.'

'How could she endure such a life? I should suppose she would have broken down utterly?'

'She did not. She said she was determined she would not. Through it all her strength did not fail, and when I saw her, she told me she was never in better health. She had not seen her husband for ten years, although she supposed him to be living somewhere in the Far West. Her love for him had died slowly but surely; while her children had never loved him.'

'She is a wonderful woman, and I hope her children will repay her for what she has done for them.'

'She feels repaid already. She says they are loyal to her in every fibre of their nature. They are not like their father or his family. They belong to her and her only, and she is so thankful for them, she does not wholly regret her marriage.'

'But why did she make such a marriage? She was an attractive girl who might have pleased a worthy man.'

'She thought him worthy. She knew he drank an occasional glass of liquor, but that did not trouble her. Her father was a moderate drinker all his life, and she never thought him the worse for it, although she can see now that he would have been a far better man without it. Her grandfather was a moderate drinker, as were most of her family friends. She seems to have had then no idea of the danger of moderate drinking, but she realizes it now, and wonders at her former ignorance.'

'And such has been Sallie Marden's life! She must have changed wonderfully since I saw her.'

'Less than you would suppose. She looks no older than you or I. Her life has not been unlike that of thousands of other women, except that few have strength to do what she has done. You would recognize her at once, and you could not be with her ten minutes without knowing that you are in the presence of a woman pledged heart and hand to do what she can to stay the tide of intemperance which threatens us.'

'It is not strange that she should be an enthusiastic worker for temperance. Suffering what she has, how could she do otherwise? She knows by experience how great is the need for such workers.'

'And we know by the experience of others. It is time for every woman in our land to make her influence felt against the sale and use of all intoxicating drinks. Some of us should do this for very thankfulness, and some—alas! too many—should do it for fear of what may come to our sons and daughters when they have passed beyond our control.'—'The National Temperance Advocate.'

COMPANIONSHIP.

A writer in the 'New York Ledger' says:—

Parents ought at all times to have a watchful eye upon their children's companions, and that, too, in their own home-circle. It should never be too much trouble to have the children's friends around the house. To be sure, they make a good deal of noise and confusion, but this is for the most part harmless pastime, although it may, on certain occasions, be extremely annoying.

Every parent should systematically cultivate the acquaintance of children in other families. When people have children to train, they take upon themselves with this responsibility an obligation to do the very best for them that their circumstances will allow, and this obligation can never be met by shirking one of the things that is all-important, a strict watch over the mates of the little ones.

A house that is too good to be opened for games and pleasures for the young, will some day have a cloud hanging over it, caused by the wrong-doing and wrong-going of these same responsibilities. Nerves that are too sensitive to bear the noise and racket of children's company are very likely, in later years, to be torn with agony at a wasted life, misspent time and possible criminal conduct.

By all means set apart some portion of the dwelling for the benefit of the younger members of the household, and let their friends, their pleasures and their welfare have their proper place in the management of home affairs.

DR. G. D. DOWKONTT.

If truth is not always stranger than fiction, says a writer in the London 'Christian,' it is, at any rate, more instructive and helpful to the serious-minded reader. The life history that we very briefly outline here has in it elements of strangeness and romance far exceeding many a successful work of fiction, but it is also full of the strongest encouragement to the tried believer to trust fully in God in the darkest hours.

George D. Dowkontt was born in Bayswater, London, in 1843, his father being a Polish refugee who was engaged in the revolution of 1830. His mother was Mary Oldfield, granddaughter of a Ludgate Hill lapidary and goldsmith. The father was a man of resource and energy, and at the time of the birth of George was in a very fair way of business in the West End.

When George was about twelve years of age the family met with severe reverses, and were reduced to extreme poverty and need. One day, when wearied, hungry, and footsore with tramping about trying to get something to do, a gentleman asked George to hold his horse for him, and gave him a shilling for so doing. Sixpence was spent for supper for the family of six, and the remainder laid by for a start in the 'news business.' The following morning, early, this sum was invested in papers, which were soon sold, and others purchased, until the young business man returned home with two shillings, and declared that 'want should be no more.'

A few months later he had the misfortune to lose his beloved mother, who had by precept and example sought to train him in the way he should go. A friendly physician in London took the poor boy to live with him, where he remained about a year. In 1859, he entered the Royal Navy as an ordinary seaman, and during the next ten years passed through some thrilling experiences, and had some marvellous escapes. His knowledge of medicine obtained for him the post of sick berth steward a position similar to that of hospital sergeant in the army—after two years' service, which position he retained until 1870, when he was appointed to H. M. Dockyard, Portsmouth, as surgery attendant, where he remained until 1876.

During his early naval service the young man lived without God. There were times in his experience when his life, and those of all on board, hung as it were by a thread, and he was saved as by miracle; and yet none of these things led to a change of heart. One bright Sunday afternoon in June he was walking with some companions through a little country town, and heard some children singing one of the old Sunday-school hymns, the sound of which went to his heart. It was 'the still small voice,' and the turning point in his life's career. Being himself saved, his first thought was for others. Mr. T. B. Smithies, of 'The British Workman,' and a few other friends aided him by supplying papers, etc., for distribution.

In 1867 he joined H.M.S. 'Crocodile' on the Indian troop service. During his service in this ship he was subjected to considerable persecution by some of the officers because of his efforts to bring others to Christ. It was while in this vessel that he was instrumental in leading Miss Agnes Weston to devote her life to the cause of the Royal Navy. A Christian soldier when leaving the vessel at Alexandria spoke of his intention to write Miss Weston an account of the voyage. This led Mr. Dowkontt to remark, 'I wish we had at least one lady for the Navy; the Army has several such.' Miss Weston wrote to him offering to be the one lady for the Navy, if she were shown how, and what she could do. A list of all the Christian officers and men in the Navy known to Mr. Dowkontt was sent to her, and thus the foundation was laid.

In 1871 Mr. Dowkontt succeeded in founding the Royal Navy Temperance Society upon the paying off of H.M.S. 'Reindeer' at Portsmouth. He held the position of secretary of the society until in 1873, the work had grown to such an extent that it was deemed best to hand it over to the National Temperance League and Miss Weston's care. In 1876 he was interested in 'Uncle Tom,' and arranged meetings at Portsmouth and elsewhere on his behalf. While so doing, his mind was turned to medical missions by Colonel F. W. Sandwith and Rev. C. J. Whitmore. After writing to Dr. W. Burns Thomson upon the subject, he assisted in the Liverpool Medical Mission for three years, and was much blessed in his labors there.

In August, 1879, he crossed the Atlantic, landing in Philadelphia, where he further studied medicine, and obtained his degree of M. D. In March, 1881, he went on to New York, and there founded what is now known as The International Medical Missionary Society, for the twofold purpose of fitting medical missionaries to labor abroad, and at the same time reach the sick poor and vicious classes with the Gospel. Opening a mission in the Fourth Ward, the worst part of New York City, many trophies were won from the slums and the paths of sin to Christ. In 1885 a large house was taken as an institute and home for male students. In 1887 a second house was rented for female students. The good work has gone on until nearly 100 of these students have gone to India, China, Africa, Russia, Burmah, Siam, Syria, Ceylon, and other lands.

In 1886 Dr. Dowkontt began to publish 'The Medical Missionary Record,' which he still continues to edit. A few months since he issued a little book entitled 'Murdered Millions,' which was strongly endorsed by Rev. Dr. Cuyler in a warm introduction. It has caused considerable stir in the United States, the New York 'Herald' devoting a whole column to it, and over a hundred other leading secular and religious journals calling attention to its contents. It is a wonderful and fearful revelation of things in heathen lands.

DR. G. D. DOWKONTT.

HOW NELLIE KEPT HER PLEDGE.

A TRUE STORY.

(By Helen Somerville.)

Nellie was a fair-haired little English girl, and lived at Allahabad, six hundred miles from the great city of Calcutta, the capital of India.

You children who study geography, know that far away from our beloved America, is India, a very hot country, where tropical fruits of all kinds grow, and the native people have very dark skins.

A great many English people live in India, and Nellie's parents had been in that country several years. But Nellie was now an orphan, and lived with her uncle's family.

She was a sweet little girl, with large, trustful gray eyes, and such pretty, coaxing ways, that everyone loved her.

Nellie attended the English Church and Sunday-school, and one Sunday when she was eight years old, a gentleman talked to the children, telling them how wrong it is for people to drink whiskey and beer, and how he wanted them all to promise they would never drink, or use tobacco, or say wicked words.

'Children,' he said, 'I have here some pledges. All who are willing to make the promise I have asked, can have pledges, and sign their names to them. How many will do it?'

Nellie's hand was the first to go up. Her bright eyes were shining, and her sweet face glowed with earnest feeling as she went up the aisle to receive her pledge.

But all at once her face clouded over, and the minister, who was about to hand her a pledge, asked:

'What is the matter, little girl?'

'Oh,' said Nellie, looking up, her eyes full of tears, 'I do want to sign the pledge so much, but I can't. I really must not without asking Uncle James and Aunt Harriet first. Please, Mr. Graves, give me one to take home and perhaps they will let me sign it.'

Mr. Graves hesitated a moment, then looking down into the child's pure, innocent face, said gently:

'Yes, my child, take it, and may the Lord help you to make and keep the promise.'

Nellie carried the pledge home and began to tell about it, when her aunt interrupted her by saying, impatiently:

'There, there, child, that's enough. No doubt Mr. Graves means well, but he goes to extremes. I believe in temperance, of course, but pledges are only for weak-minded people who need a check on themselves, and not for those who have strength of character.' 'But aunty, you won't care if I sign it?'

'Nonsense, Nellie! Take it away and never mention it again.'

Nellie sorrowfully laid the pledge away, and for nearly a year it remained untouched, at the bottom of her trunk. During the year, the child, who was never strong, became very weak and delicate, and her aunt's physician prescribed beer for her.

'Beer! I can never take beer!' exclaimed the little girl to her ayah, or nurse.

'Oh, but you must Nellie Baba,' said the ayah. 'It is to make you well and strong.'

'I can't help that, ayah. I don't want to get well and strong if I must take beer. Listen, ayah. When Mr. Graves talked to us that day, long ago, and told us how sinful it is to drink beer, I promised in my heart that I would never do it, and the Lord knows I promised it, even if I didn't sign the pledge.'

'It's all right, then, Nellie Baba, if you didn't sign the pledge,' said the ayah, coaxingly.

'No it isn't. And I shall sign the pledge this very day, so that I cannot drink beer. They can't make me do it.' And Nellie, who was a child with a strong will, ran to her trunk and brought to light the pledge, which she signed in large, straggling letters. Then, holding it up in triumph, she exclaimed, 'There, now, I can never drink beer. I've settled it.'

And nothing could change this determined little girl from her purpose to be true to her pledge.

'No, aunty, please don't ask me to break my pledge! I'll take all the bitter medicine you give me, but not beer.'

'You are a naughty girl to sign the pledge without my consent, Nellie.'

'Well, now, I've done it, so do not tempt me to break my promise, aunty.'

Some time after this Nellie was invited, with her uncle's family, to attend a dinner party at the home of some wealthy people. Wine was placed before each guest, but Nellie did not touch hers.

'Will you not have wine, my dear?' asked the hostess, a smiling faced lady, who had taken a fancy to the child.

'No, thank you, Mrs. Rogers, I never drink it,' said Nellie, coloring. Her aunt gave her an angry, warning glance, but the child bravely refused to drink the wine.

When they reached home, her aunt said, angrily: 'You naughty, headstrong girl! What shall I do with you?'

'Oh, auntie,' said Nellie, wearily, 'I've signed the pledge, and of course could not break it!'

'I told you that you ought not to have signed it. You were very rude to Mrs. Rogers, and I am going to punish you.' Nellie received her punishment without a murmur, saying afterwards to the ayah:

'It didn't last long, but if I'd broken my pledge I could never have forgotten it all my life!'

Nellie is a woman now, and teaches a kindergarten in Calcutta, where, by her courage and bravery, and the inspiration of her own bright, helpful womanhood, she instils principles of right in the minds of her charges and brings joy and gladness into their young lives. —'Union Signal.'

THE WORTH OF IT.

Not long ago a fire broke out in a Formosan village, and two houses were soon wrapped in flames. One of them was saved, the house of a heathen Chinaman; the owner of the other house is a Christian, who happened to be away from home, and as nobody tried to save his house, it was burned down. There was great laughter among the villagers at the Christian's misfortunes. 'That is the worth of your religion,' they said to him. A day or two after, a company of men were seen coming across the fields, and when they got near it was seen that they were laden with wood, tools, and articles of furniture. The village was astir. What was it? Who were the men? They were the members of the church to which their Christian neighbor belonged, and had come from their homes, some miles away, to rebuild his house, which they did, while the villagers gaped in wonder. Nothing like it had ever been seen.—'The Missionary Review.'

THE MASTER'S TOUCH.

In the still air the music lies unheard;
In the rough marble beauty lies unseen,
To make the music and the beauty, needs
The master's touch, the sculptor's chisel keen.

Great Master, touch us with thy skilful hand;
Let not the music that is in us die!
Great Sculptor, hue and polish us; nor let,
Hidden and lost, thy form within us lie!

Spare not the stroke! Do with us as thou wilt!
Let there be naught unfinished, broken, marred!
Complete thy purpose that we may become
Thy perfect image, thou our God and Lord!

—Horatius Bonar.

'PLEASE TELL ME ABOUT IT, GRANNY,' FLOSSIE SAID, RESTING HER FACE IN HER HANDS.

GRANNY'S STORY.

(By Mrs. George A. Paull.)

Flossie was always happy when she was invited to spend the afternoon with granny, as she called her dear grandmother, and she was a happy little girl very often, because granny loved Flossie just as much as Flossie loved her, and whenever she felt able she always liked to have Flossie come and pass her Saturday afternoons with her.

Granny had so many delightful stories to tell about when she was a little girl, and so many curious things to show her, that had been brought to her by her sailor son. There were quaint sandal-wood boxes, with their delicate perfume, rare cups and saucers that were as fragile as egg shells, and beautiful fans that Flossie delighted to take into her own hands, and gently wave to and fro. One afternoon she brought the top drawer of the tall cabinet that stood in the corner of the parlor to granny, and took up a gold chain that was nestled in a little jewel case, faded and worn with age. 'That looks as if it would make such a nice story, granny,' she said, and the old lady smiled as she passed it through her fingers with a loving touch.

'There is indeed a story that I can never forget about that chain,' she said, laying her work down in her lap, with the thoughtful look upon her face, that Flossie knew meant a story.

'Please tell me about it, granny,' Flossie said, resting her face on her hands, and leaning her elbows upon the edge of the table.

'Get your little chair, dear, and come and sit down by me, and I will tell you what a naughty little girl your granny once was.'

'When I was a little girl,' granny began, 'I was invited to go and pay a visit to my grandmother. I was not as glad as you always are to come and see me, for my grandmother was a very strict old lady, who thought that little children should be seen and not heard. I tried to persuade my father to let one of the other children go in my place, but he said no, that my grandmother had asked me to come, so I must go.

At my grandmother's I had no playfellow but the green parrot, and he was a very bad-tempered bird, and not at all fond of children, so I did not have very much pleasure with him. I think I was quite a careful child, for I know that after I had been there a few days, my grandmother gave me permission to go to her cabinet and look over the things one rainy afternoon, and I am sure she would never have let me do that if she had not thought that I was to be trusted.

I remember as well as if it had been only yesterday, how I stood on tiptoe and looked at the things in the top drawer, and how I did wish that grandmother would let me have some of the pretty things to play with up in my own little room. I took a great fancy to this chain, and thought that it was so pretty I would like to put it on.

'I did not very often speak to my grandmother unless she spoke to me first, but I was so anxious to put this pretty chain around my neck that I ventured to ask her permission. I knew she would not be pleased if I did it without asking her first, but surely she would be willing if I asked.

'"Chains are not suitable ornaments for little girls to wear, Priscilla," she answered. "Put it back into the case, and do not ask such a question again."'

'Probably she thought it was vanity that made me want to put it on, and so of course she would think it was right not to indulge me. I obeyed her, and put the chain back into the little case, and shut the drawer up, but the more I thought about this chain the more I wanted to put it on. I thought I would go into the parlor some time when my grandmother was taking her afternoon nap, and take the chain out of the cabinet and slip it around my neck, just for a moment. I was sure that I could not hurt it, and I did want to put it on so very, very much, that it seemed as if I could not give up my own way, and obey my grandmother. You see I was a very naughty little girl.'

'I don't think you were naughty,' exclaimed Flossie, jumping up to give her granny a kiss. 'I think it was your grandmother who was naughty not to let a little thing like you put on a chain when you wanted to. It wouldn't have hurt her.'

'That wasn't the question, dear,' her granny answered. 'I had been told not to put it on, so, even if I did not know that there was no danger of hurting the chain, I ought to have obeyed her. Little girls ought always to mind what they are told.'

'Ah, you mean that for me,' exclaimed Flossie.

'I shall not get on very fast with my story,' said granny, with a smile, 'if you talk so much. The next day, when I thought my grandmother had settled herself for her nap, I crept into the parlor, and with a beating heart opened the top drawer and took out the little case with the chain in it. I clasped the chain about my neck, and crept over to the tall pier glass and looked at myself. Very pretty the chain looked, and I wished with all my silly little heart that it was mine. I heard my grandmother sneeze, and, trembling with fear, I tried to take the chain off. You can guess how frightened I was when I found that I could not open the clasp, and, try as hard as I might, I could not get the chain off. The next thing I knew grandmother called me to come to her, and I trembled from head to foot. The neck of my dress was high, and I slipped it under, out of sight, and went to her. She did not look at me, or I am sure she would have noticed how red my face was, and how I was still trembling.

'She wanted me to do an errand for her, and I was very glad to take the sample she gave me and go down to the village store. When I came back I went up to my room to see if I could not, by trying again and again, unfasten the clasp. Flossie, dear, I hope you may never be as unhappy a little girl as I was when I put my hand up to my neck and discovered that the chain was gone! I knew how my grandmother prized the chain, and I did not know how I could tell her that I had put it on and lost it. I knew that she had a little headache, and I made up my mind that I would wait until the next morning to tell her, as much, I am afraid, to put off the disagreeable task, as to spare her head. It was a very unhappy evening that I spent, with my eyes fixed on my book, while my thoughts were full of the lost chain, and I was very glad when bed-time came and I could go up to my own room. I knew no one would see my tears now, and all the time I was undressing, the tears streamed down my cheeks. I wished, Oh how I did wish, that I had obeyed, and then all this unhappiness would have been saved. As I slipped off my clothes, my foot touched something cold, and looking down I saw the chain on the floor.'

'Oh, I am so glad!' exclaimed Flossie, who had been listening with breathless interest.

'Not half as glad as I was, my dear,' granny answered, with a smile. 'I could hardly understand it at first, but after a while I concluded that the clasp must have unfastened while I was out, and the chain had slipped down, and caught in my clothes so that it had not been lost. I could put it back now without granny ever knowing that I had been naughty enough to disobey, but I am glad to say that I did not try to hide my naughtiness. I knew that, as long as I had disobeyed, I ought to confess it to my grandmother, and take whatever punishment she saw fit to give me.'

'Oh, granny, you did not tell her!' exclaimed Flossie.

'Yes, dear; but it was a hard struggle before I could bring my courage up to the point. I wrapped the chain up in my handkerchief, and crept down stairs to the sitting-room, where she sat knitting before the fire, looking, as I fancied, very stern. I could hear my heart beat, as I went down the steps, so frightened and so unhappy.'

'Poor little granny!' Flossie said, with earnest sympathy.

'It was very hard to face grandmother's look of surprise, and stammer out my story, but I was surprised myself then, for instead of scolding me, as I had thought she would, she put her arms about me, and took me, all shivering and crying, up into her lap, and for the first and only time in my life I nestled my head down upon my grandmother's shoulder.'

'"You were a brave little maid, and an honest one to confess your disobedience," she said.

'I loved my grandmother always after that night, and when I went home, she gave me the chain to take with me. I have always valued it for her sake, and because I learned how kind and good she could be, even if her manner was stern. I had done wrong, and she did not make light of it, but she forgave me because I had not tried to conceal it. But there comes nursie after you already. My story must have been longer than I meant it to be.'

'I wish there was more of it,' Flossie said, as she laid the treasure back in its case.

'Some day, little Flossie, that chain will be yours,' said granny, as she kissed her little girl good-bye, 'and I

'POOR LITTLE GRANNY.

hope when you look at it you will remember how much unhappiness disobedience will cause, and try always to obey. Good-bye, my darling.'

'Good-bye, you dear, brave little granny,' and Flossie threw her arms about her grandmother with an unusually tender embrace, as she thought of her childish wrong-doing, and her brave confession. She would try to be like granny, she thought to herself, as she went home with her nurse, and not try to hide a fault to escape blame, but confess it bravely, as her grandmother did in the days so long gone by.—'Churchman.'

Boys, remember that if the opportunities for great deeds should never come, the opportunity for good is renewed for you day by day. The thing for us to long for is the goodness, not the glory.

BIG BROTHER.

(By Annie Fellows-Johnston.)

(Continued.)

While Mr. Dearborn was settling the price of his turkeys, the old gentleman poked around like an inquisitive boy, thumping the pumkins, smelling the coffee, and taking occasional picks at the raisins. Presently he stopped in front of Steven with a broad, friendly smile on his face.

'You're from the country, ain't you?' he asked.

'Yes, sir,' answered Steven in astonishment.

'Came from there myself, once,' he continued with a chuckle. 'Law, law! You'd never think it now. Fifty years makes a-heap o' difference.'

He took another turn among the salt barrels and cracker boxes, then asked suddenly, 'What's your name, sonny?'

'Steven,' answered the boy, still more surprised.

The old fellow gave another chuckle and rubbed his hands together delightedly. 'Just hear that, will you!' he exclaimed. 'Why, that's my name, my very own name, sir! Well, well, well, well!'

He stared at the child until he began to feel foolish and uncomfortable. What image of his own vanished youth did that boyish face recall to the eccentric old banker?

As Mr. Dearborn turned to go, Steven started after him.

'Hold on, sonny,' called the old gentleman, 'I want to shake hands with my namesake.'

He pressed a shining half-dollar into the little mittened hand held out to him.

'That's for good luck,' he said. 'I was a boy myself, once. Law, law! Sometimes I wish I could have stayed one.'

Steven hardly knew whether to keep it or not, or what to say. The old gentleman had resumed conversation with the proprietor, and waved him off impatiently.

'I'll get Robin some candy and save all the rest till Christmas,' was his first thought; but there was such a bewildering counter full of toys on one side of the confectioner's shop, that he couldn't make up his mind to wait that long.

He bought some shining sticks of red and white peppermint, and turned to the toys. There was a tiny sail-boat with a little wooden sailor on deck; but Robin would always be dabbling in the water if he got that. A tin horse and cart caught his eye. That would make such a clatter on the bare kitchen floor.

At last he chose a gay yellow jumping-jack. All the way home he kept feeling the two little bundles in his pocket. He could not help smiling when the gables of the old house came in sight, thinking how delighted Robin would be.

He could hardly wait till the horses were put away and fed, and he changed impatiently from one foot to another, while Mr. Dearborn searched in the straw of the waggon-bed for a missing package of groceries. Then he ran to the house and into the big, warm kitchen, all out of breath.

'Robin,' he called, as he laid the armful of groceries on the kitchen table, 'look what Brother's brought you. Why, where's Robin?' he asked of Mrs. Dearborn, who was busy stirring something on the stove for supper. She had her back turned and did not answer.

'Where's Robin?' he asked again, peering all around to see where the bright curls were hiding.

She turned around and looked at him over her spectacles. 'Well, I s'pose I may's well tell you one time as another,' she said reluctantly. 'Rindy came for him to-day. We talked it over and thought, as long as there had to be a separatou, it would be easier for you both, and save a scene, if you wasn't here to see him go. He's got a good home, and Rindy'll be kind to him.'

Steven looked at her in bewilderment, then glanced around the cheerful kitchen. His slate lay on a chair where Robin had been scribbling and making pictures. The old cat that Robin had petted and played with that very morning, purred comfortably under the stove. The corncob house he had built was still in the corner. Surely he could not be so very far away.

He opened the stair door and crept slowly up the steps to their little room. He could scarcely distinguish anything at first, in the dim light of the winter evening, but he saw enough to know that the little straw hat with the torn brim that he had worn in the summer time, was not hanging on its peg behind the door. He looked in the washstand drawer, where his dresses were kept. It was empty. He opened the closet door. The new copper-toed shoes, kept for best, were gone, but hanging in one corner, was the little checked gingham apron he had worn that morning.

Steven took it down. There was the torn place by the pocket, and the patch on the elbow. He kissed the ruffle that had been buttoned under the dimpled chin, and the little sleeves that had clung around his neck so closely that morning. Then, with it held tight in his arms, he threw himself on the bed, sobbing over and over, 'It's too cruel! It's too cruel! They didn't even let me tell him good-bye!'

He did not go down to supper when Mrs. Dearborn called him, so she went up after a while with a glass of milk and a doughnut.

'There, there! she said soothingly; 'don't take it so hard. Try and eat something; you'll feel better if you do.'

Steven tried to obey, but every mouthful choked him. 'Rindy'll be awful good to him,' she said after a long pause. 'She thinks he's the loveliest child she ever set eyes on, but she was afraid her husband would think he was too much of a baby if she took him home with those long curls on. She cut 'em off before they started, and I saved 'em. I knew you'd be glad to have 'em.'

She lit the candle on the washstand and handed him a paper. He sat up and opened it. There lay the soft, silky curls, shining like gold in the candlelight, as they twined around his fingers. It was more than he could bear. His very lips grew white.

Mrs. Dearborn was almost frightened. She could not understand how a child's grief could be so deep and passionate.

He drew them fondly over his wet cheeks, and pressed them against his quivering lips. Then laying his face down on them, he cried till he could cry no longer, and sleep came to his relief.

Next morning, when Steven pulled the window curtain aside, he seemed to be looking out on another world. The first snow of the winter covered every familiar object, and he thought, in his childish way that last night's experience had altered his life as the snowdrifts had changed the landscape.

He ate his breakfast and did up the morning chores mechanically. He seemed to be in a dream, and wondered dully to himself why he did not cry when he felt so bad.

When the work was all done, he stood idly looking out of the window. He wanted to get away from the house, where everything he saw made his heartache with the suggestion of Robin.

'I believe I'd like to go to church to-day,' he said in a listless tone.

'Yes, I'd go if I were you,' assented Mr. Dearborn, readily. 'Mother and me'll have to stay by the fire to-day, but I've no doubt it'll chirk you up a bit to get outdoors a spell.'

He started off, plodding through the deep snow.

'Takes it easier than I thought he would,' said Mr. Dearborn. 'Well, troubles never set very hard on young shoulders. He'll get over it in a little while.'

As Steven emerged from the lane into the big road, he saw a sleigh coming towards him, driven by the doctor's son. As it drew nearer, a sudden thought came to him like an inspiration.

'O Harvey!' he cried, running forward. 'Will you take me with you as far as Simpson's?'

'Why, yes, I guess so,' answered the boy good-naturedly.

He was not surprised at the request, knowing that Mrs. Dearborn and Mrs. Simpson were sisters, and supposing that Steven had been sent on some errand.

It was three miles to the Simpson place, but they seemed to have reached it in as many minutes. Harvey turned off towards his own home, while Steven climbed out and hurried along the public road.

'Half-way there!' he said to himself. He was going to town to find Mrs. Estel.

He was a long time on the way. A piercing wind began to blow, and a blinding snow-storm beat in his face. He was numb with cold, hungry, and nearly exhausted. But he thought of little Robin fifteen miles away, crying at the strange faces around him; and for his sake he stumbled bravely on.

He had seen Mrs. Dearborn's daughter several times. She was a kind, goodnatured woman, half-way afraid of her husband. As for Arad Pierson himself, Steven had conceived a strong dislike. He was quick-tempered and rough, with a loud, coarse way of speaking, that always startled the sensitive child.

Suppose Robin should refuse to be comforted, and his crying annoyed them. Could that black-browed, heavy-fisted man be cruel enough to whip such a baby? Steven knew that he would.

The thought spurred him on. It seemed to him that he had been days on the road when he reached the house at last, and stood shivering on the steps while he waited for someone to answer his timid ring.

'No, you can't speak to Mrs. Estel,' said the pompous colored man who opened the door, and who evidently thought that he had come on some beggar's mission. 'She never sees anyone now, and I'm sure she wouldn't see you.'

'Oh, please!' cried Steven desperately, as the door was about to be shut in his face. 'She told me to come, and I've walked miles through the storm, and I'm so cold and tired! Oh, I can't go back without seeing her.'

His high, piercing voice almost wailed out the words. Had he come so far only to be disappointed at last?

'What is it, Alec?' he heard someone call gently.

He recognized the voice, and in his desperation darted past the man into the wide reception hall.

He saw the sweet face of the lady, who came quickly forward, and heard her say, 'Why, what is the matter, my child?'

Then, overcome by the sudden change from the cold storm to the tropical warmth of the room, he dropped on the floor, exhausted and unconscious.

It was a long time before Mrs. Estel succeeded in thoroughly reviving him. Then he lay on a wide divan with his head on her lap, and talked quietly of his trouble.

He was too worn out to cry, even when he took the soft curls from his pocket to show her. But her own recent loss had made her vision keen, and she saw the depth of suffering in the boy's white face. As she twisted the curls around her finger and thought of her own fair-haired little one, with the deep snow drifting over its grave, her tears fell fast.

She made a sudden resolution. 'You shall come here,' she said. 'I thought when my little Dorothy died I could never bear to hear a child's voice again, knowing that her's was still. But such grief is selfish. We will help each other bear ours together. Would you like to come, dear?'

Steven sat up, trembling in his great excitement.

'O Mrs. Estel!' he cried, 'couldn't you take Robin instead? I could be happy anywhere if I only knew he was taken care of. You are so different from the Piersons. I wouldn't feel bad if he was with you, and I could see him every week. He is so pretty and sweet you couldn't help loving him!'

She stooped and kissed him. 'You dear, unselfish child, you make me want you more than ever.'

Then she hesitated. She could not decide a matter involving so much in a moment's time. Steven, she felt, would be a comfort to her, but Robin could only be a care. Lately she had felt the mere effort of living to be a burden, and she did not care to make any exertion for anyone else.

All the brightness and purpose seemed to drop out of her life the day that little Dorothy was taken away. Her husband had tried everything in his power to arouse her from her hopeless despondency, but she refused to be comforted.

Steven's trouble had touched the first responsive chord. She looked down into his expectant face, feeling that she could not bear to disappoint him, yet unwilling to make a promise that involved personal exertion.

Then she answered slowly, 'I wish my husband were here. I cannot give you an answer without consulting him. Then, you see, the society that sent you out here, probably has some written agreement with these people, and if they do not want to give him up, we might find it a difficult matter to get him. Mr. Estel will be home in a few days, and he will see what can be done.'

That morning when Steven had been seized with a sudden impulse to find Mrs. Estel, he had no definite idea of what she could do to help him. It had never occurred to him for an instant that she would offer to take either of them to live with her. He thought only of that afternoon on the train, when her sympathy had comforted him so much, and of her words at parting: 'If you ever need a friend, dear, or are in trouble of any kind, let me know and I will help you.' It was that promise that lured him on all that weary way through the cold snow-storm.

With a child's implicit confidence he turned to her, feeling that in some way or other she would make it all right. It was a great disappointment when he found she could do nothing immediately, and that it might be weeks before he could see Robin again.

Still, after seeing her and pouring out his troubles, he felt like a different boy. Such a load seemed lifted from his shoulders. He actually laughed while repeating some of Robin's queer little speeches to her. Only that morning he had felt that he could not even smile again.

Dinner cheered him up still more. When the storm had abated, Mrs. Estel wrapped him up and sent him home in her sleigh, telling him that she wanted him to spend Thanksgiving Day with her. She thought she would know by that time whether she could take Robin or not. At any rate, she wanted him to come, and if he would tell Mr. Dearborn to bring her a turkey on his next market day, she would ask his permission.

All the way home Steven wondered nervously what the old people would say to him. He dreaded to see the familiar gate, and the ride came to an end so very soon. To his great relief he found that they had scarcely noticed his absence. Their only son and his family had come unexpectedly from the next State to stay over Thanksgiving, and everything else had been forgotten in their great surprise.

The days that followed were full of pleasant anticipations for the family. Steven went in and out among them, helping busily with the preparations, but strangely silent among all the merriment.

Mr. Dearborn took his son to town with him the next market day, and Steven was left at home to wait and wonder what message Mrs. Estel might send him.

He hung around until after his usual bedtime, on their return, but could not muster up courage to ask. The hope that had sprung up within him, flickered a little fainter each new day, until it almost died out.

(To be continued.)

TO OUR READERS.

The attention of our readers is requested to the four extra pages of this number. Especially do we bespeak the co-operation of the temperance workers of Canada. The 'Northern Messenger' is we feel eminently fitted for distribution in Bands of Hope, Loyal Temperance Legions or any other society for temperance work among the young. Next month we hope to begin a series of temperance lessons especially prepared for this purpose. Every number of the 'Messenger' contains among its various other contents, much pronounced temperance matter. Said one active W. C. T. U. woman to a friend the other day, 'Among all the papers that come to my desk there is none I so thoroughly enjoy as the 'Messenger.'

All new subscribers sending in their remittances at once get the 'Messenger' free for the rest of the year. A glance at our supplement will show that we are offering this season better inducements to our workers than ever before. We are looking with confidence to the religious and temperance workers of our country to help us to still better results. We want the 'Messenger' in every family.

HOW DOLLY DRAKE WAS CURED OF DANCING.

(By Annie A. Preston.)

'O Grandma, there is no fun like dancing!' cried Dolly Drake, pirouetting around her grandmother's chair. 'I intend to dance until I am as old as you are, gran, and older.'

'You may have rheumatism,' and grandma looked down at the quilted satin slippers resting upon a pillow.

'Oh, dancing will ward off rheumatism and keep me young. I intend to dance at the weddings of my great-grandchildren.'

'You may not live to be blessed with children, even,' said a sweet voice from the arm-chair by the open fire.

'O Aunt Jane, you are always in the doldrums. I intend to live and to dance. Now, really, do you think this a very wicked?' and she spun around and around in a variety of evolutions to the music of her own 'tra-la-la-la.'

'As gymnastics, with your grandmother and your great-aunt for critics, no. In a public ball-room, with all ages and conditions of men as onlookers, most decidedly yes; from its influence and suggestions not only improper, but positively wicked.'

'Oh, dear!' began the pretty young girl; but her great-aunt interrupted:—

'Does it ever occur to you, dear child, that you have an immortal soul, or that life was given you for a purpose?'

'Oh, yes, I have been telling you I purposed to dance; but, honestly, I would join the church, and the League, and be as helpful and as good as I knew how, if it would not prohibit my dancing. As it would, I must just go on as I am.'

This conversation was repeated by grandmother and Aunt Jane to the minister, and by him to the presiding elder when next they met at conference.

'I have some very hopeful cases, and this young girl ought to come forward with the rest, and would, were she not held by the devil of the dance.'

'Say nothing more to her about it—this is one of the freaks that grow strong by opposition—and caution her family to be very discreet in speaking to her of her folly.'

'What a time I shall have of it with Elder Swan!' said pretty Dolly, over and over. 'He will nag me about dancing, and I shall have to rack my brains for bright answers. Of course I shall horrify him, and if I tell him the truth that I am a believer and that I would go to the altar if I could do so without giving up dancing, I don't know what he would say.'

No one replied to her frivolous talk or remonstrated as she danced about to the sound of her own voice, and she began to wonder whether they found her irresistible, or whether they had given up all hopes of her being a Christian.

When the elder came, instead of going to the parsonage for entertainment as usual, he came direct to Mr. Drake's.

'Such a privilege to have you here, as I cannot go out,' said grandmama, and she looked at the satin slippers.

'Poor little feet!' said the good man. 'They have been taking steps for the Lord these many years, as you were ministering to the needs of his servants. They must now rest while younger feet take the steps.'

'It is pleasant,' replied grandma, 'to stand aside and to watch the young feet walking in the paths of righteousness.'

'If he and grandma begin preaching and prosing, I know I shall feel just like dancing,' Dolly had said; but now she only thought,—

'How beautiful for an old saint like grandma to look back at long years of kindly deeds; it is like standing on top of Mount Hope at sunset and watching the shadows stretch away across the green, velvety meadows to the shining thread of the river.'

They all went to the church for the evening service, grandma insisting upon being left alone. 'I shall be happier so,' she said, 'for I shall be with you in spirit as I pray.'

The elder walked over to the church with Dolly, talking brightly and entertainingly of the joy of finding the Saviour in youth and taking up the work He left for His followers; but he did not say a word to her personally, and she found no opportunity to bring in the pert speeches she had been studying up; so just as they were going up the church steps, she gasped:—

'Perhaps I ought to tell you that I should like to be good, but everyone thinks dancing such a dreadful thing, and I do so love to dance.'

She attempted to speak with her usual glibness, but failed, and her companion said:—

'I have no right to decide whether you shall dance or not. Such matters are entirely between yourself and God. If you feel yourself to be a sinner, and that it is through Christ that you are saved, come to the altar. Do not allow any earthly consideration to keep you from the altar.'

Dolly went forward, and as she knelt the Holy Spirit so filled her heart that her only desire was to thoroughly consecrate herself to the Lord and His work.

When the elder came a year later, he said to grandma:—

'How about Dolly's dancing?'

'Oh,' replied the beautiful old saint, 'it seems as if all our prayers for the dear child have been answered. She has been so filled with the spirit of loving service, and her feet have been so busy doing errands for the Lord, that she has never spoken of dancing since. All her levity seemed to slip off her; never once has she pirouetted about my chair even.'

'The way to overcome is through the power of the Spirit,' said Aunt Jane.

This is a true sketch, told me by a member of the church in New York State, where the incident occurred.—'Zion's Herald.'

HOW THEY USED TO FIX ME OFF FOR SUNDAY-SCHOOL.

(By Bishop John C. Keener.)

Seventy years ago I attended the first Sabbath-school that was started in Baltimore. The school and I were about the same age—that is, five years old. It was held at the Lancastrian school-house, at the head of Calvert street. My father was superintendent. This school took in at nine o'clock and held till church time; then in the afternoon took in at two and held till five. The boys were taught reading, writing and the Bible. I first learned to write there. The school was addressed a good deal by visitors, and spent no little time in singing and prayer. The principal end in view was to teach the Bible, and to get as much Scripture as possible committed to memory. The boy who recited the largest number of verses received the best premium.

I was at that time a little boy with very poor memory. It took a full week for me to get ten verses. My father had no higher ambition than to see me full of Matthew, Mark, Luke and John; but though the oldest boy, and the hope of the family, I made painful progress in this direction. By the time that the ten verses were securely lodged in me, the whole family knew them, for all had sympathized and taken some part in instilling them into me. We got through about Saturday. I received no premium during the years that I was at this school, excepting a Bible with a red Morocco cover. I suppose that it was for some kind of merit. So much for the inner man.

The main preparation was a Saturday night's wash. It was a matter of conscience with my mother. Whatever dirt had escaped her notice during the week, now came to light. Castile soap and a wash-cloth literally scorched my entire surface, and seemed to be looking for something under the skin. (I will here mention gratefully that the water was warm.) My hair was the color of a carrot, my eyes blue, my skin white, and my face freckled; but as I scarcely ever looked in a glass, that was of small moment.

My coat was a roundabout, with a small, canary-colored, stiff waistcoat, sewed to the jacket, for it was only a 'make-out' waistcoat with only pocket welts. I was thought to be too young for a real waistcoat; besides, my mother had adopted a theory that pockets were demoralizing to boys. So I had none. These clothes were put on the chair by my bed, and kept expressly for Sunday wear. As I remember, there was no effort to entertain small or large boys at Sabbath-school. Everything went on from square methods. We sang old hymns and old tunes, such as grown-up people used. Sabbath-school libraries came long after.

We all went to church, Indian file, and sat with our teachers in the gallery during service. We heard good preaching. A boy swinging his feet, and hearing at intervals, and looking at everything but the preacher, was blessed under such a Gospel as rang up to heaven from that altar, and from those men of God who ministered in old Light street. The Sabbath-school would have been a poor affair, apart from its herding and holding the children at church. True enough it was a long Sunday—five hours of teaching and two of preaching—but all survived it. Children were supposed to be capable of all that you could get into them in the way of religious instruction, and of defending themselves against any excess by thinking of something else. At any rate, an enormous quantity of Scripture was lodged in them, and they were enriched for life by its precious store of divine truth. Some boys committed a hundred verses, and recited them each week at the Sabbath-school. We have not got beyond this result with all the improved methods of the present day. I know that, in my own fragmentary way, the verses then learned are the best known of all my Scripture knowledge, and are valued beyond price. A necklace of pearls, or a casket of diamonds, would have been a poor substitute for them if presented to me for attendance at that early hour of my young life, and would have been spent long since; but 'Wisdom is above riches,' as I now value it, and it still abides.

Another common sense result of those old-fashioned, dingy surroundings was that a great many boys were truly converted. The mourners' bench was in the school, and on certain afternoons children were invited to come up. They were soon taught that religion was no child's play, no holiday affair, but a matter of life and death, and that the sooner a boy sought Christ and pardon for sin, the sooner Christ would be found of him, and he be removed from the fear of death. Children, then as now, were susceptible to divine truth, not any more so, but they had opportunity. Teachers were not slow to set before them the claims of the Son of God for their hearts and their lives.

I was not converted at a Sabbath-school, but at a meeting at Wesley Chapel; that largely was the result of previous Sabbath-school services, for I was a teacher long before I professed religion.

At that day this Wesley Chapel school raised five hundred dollars missionary money of itself, so that, in the great matter of advancing the cause of Christ in the world, it was by no means antiquated. The church had in Sabbath-school numbers made rapid strides since those early times of which I first spoke, and it is still pressing on. The glory of methods must not hide from us the greater glory of results. How many children are brought to Christ? how many are confirmed in the love of the Saviour? how many are growing up in the service of the Master, who find joy enough and delight enough in him who is the chiefest among ten thousand, who was begotten as the dew from the womb of the morning, in the beauty of holiness?—'Sunday-school Magazine.'

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